EUROPEAN SCENES

FOR

Tarry-at-home Travellers.

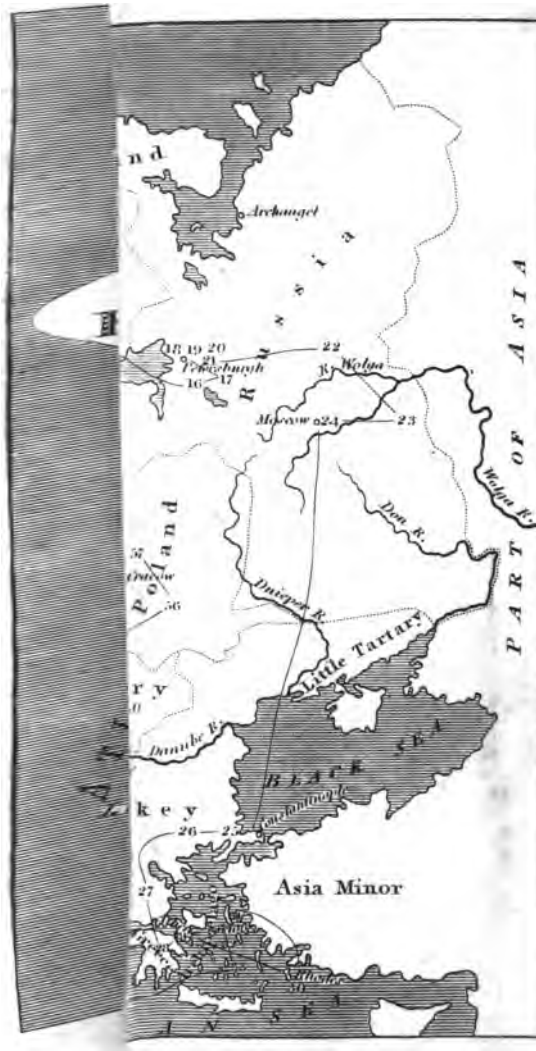
J. HARRIS, CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S.

Augusta C. Leigh

1837

From her kind Uncle
Peter Leigh

Scenes in Europe,


Archangel
Petersburgh
Moscow
Wolga
Don R.
Wolga R.
Dniepr R.
Danube R.
Warsaw
Little Tartary
BLACK SEA
Constantinople
Asia Minor
Smyrna
Salonica
Poland
Russia
PART OF ASIA

SCENES IN EUROPE,

FOR THE

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF LITTLE

TARRY-AT-HOME TRAVELLERS.

BY THE REV. ISAAC TAYLOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS,

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

1818.

E. Hemsted, Printer, Great New Street,
Gough Square.

INTRODUCTION.

Masters and Misses, come draw up your chairs,
Safely all here by the warm fire side;
For your entertainment a kind father's cares,
Both knowledge and innocent pleasure provide.

'Tis not for you yet to travel abroad,
You are too little to know what to do:
A run in the garden all fenc'd and ha! ha'd,
A walk with mamma or papa, is for you.

Yet you may know what great travellers see,
Safe by the table all snug as you sit:
None but a dunce will quite ignorant be,
If at a book he can honestly get.

We live in England, the better for us,
  Those who have seen other countries can tell;
Many a nation is dreadfully worse;
  None can "old England for ever" excel.

Here you may travel o'er cold northern snows,
  See them catch whales, or the white growling
    bear:
Better than do it yourselves, I suppose,
  They might catch you, if they once got you
    there.

Would you a rough fur clad Russian be,
  Trampling on snows, thro' his fir blacken'd land:
Would you live under the Turk, nay then see
  What a long beard you must dangle in hand.

Would you—'tis but a step over to France,
  Cry *parlez vous*, with a cringing Monsieur;
Get out your fiddle then, caper and dance,
  Wear wooden shoes, and a pig-tail, my dear.

Grave see the Spanish Don, long sword and cloak,
  He's an *hidalgo*, a gentleman born:

Ancestors left an estate, what a joke!
He has not found it, so looks quite forlorn.

Would little Missey go follow the plough,
Over to Sweden we'll send you to trip;
Be Frenchman's Madame, or Hollander's Vrow;—
You'd want to come back, with a hop, step and skip.

So be but contented, and love to be good,
Learn all your lessons, and do as you're bid;
Keep from what's vulgar, or silly, or rude,
Be thankful for kindness, and grieve if you're chid.

Many a book then, to open your mind,
If you will read, shall be readily found:
Books full of pictures, if you are inclin'd,
All neatly printed, and letter'd, and bound.

Jan. 1818.

SCENES IN EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

GOING OUT.

1. *Leaving his native home.*

SO fare thee well, Harry, the fond mother cries,
God's blessing preserve thee, my boy;
Let's hope he'll return soon, (with tears in his eyes)
His father (half choak'd by his feelings) replies;
And then, says his sister, have done with our sighs,
We'll give a full vent to our joy.

Good b'ye to you all there—once more all adieu—
Says Harry, resolv'd to look bold.
So he strided away, while his feet brush'd the dew;
With his trowsers so smart, a white stripe and a blue;
His shirts in a bundle, all handsome and new;
And his heart too as full as could hold.

For Harry lov'd home, and his father's fire side;
From a child it had been his delight.
Round the tall elm he play'd, or he climb'd it with pride;
Dear was the white steeple seen many miles wide;
He takes his last look, with his head half aside,
Then sinks in the vale out of sight.

2. *Going aboard Ship.*

That's the ship, Waterman.—The good ship Hope, of London, Tom Bowline, commander. D'ye see how she floats. There is not a prettier vessel in all the port; and there's a main many of them too: London looks as if it stood in a wood. And so good b'ye to the Tower, and London bridge, and the Monument, and all of ye good folks; I sha'nt see you again for many a day. But then you won't for many a day see me neither; and so we're even. Now my lads skip up her sides, and aboard in a minute. Come, hand us up my great box; I must not go without that, you know. Huzza! here it is.

3. *Johnny Groat's House.*

This is proverbially the most remote habitation

England *going out.*

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Icy Sea

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ICY SEA.

4. *Catching Whales.*

See the floundering bulky whale,
  Giant of the polar seas.
Who shall dare his strength assail;
  Who disturb his mighty ease.

Now a cataract spouting high,
  Playful, through his way is seen:
Sparkling in the clear blue sky,
  Foaming white o'er waves so green.

Sure the mark—the boatmen's guide;
  Stout they pull the bending oar:
Near his blacken'd form they glide,
  Fling th' harpoon—then spouts the gore.

Deep beneath his blubber skin
  Fast its hold the iron keeps;
Pain'd he dives, and hopes to win
  Safety in his native deeps.

Vain the hope, the purple tide,
  Open'd by th' unerring dart,
Gushes from his wounded side,
  Drains at length his fluttering heart.

Struggling fainter, see he floats;
  Now they win th' unwieldy prize;
Fast around him ply the boats:—
  With a thundering groan he dies.

5. *Fields of Ice.*

The more northerly we go, the colder it is: so that in the farther parts, the whole ocean is covered with ice, and all the land with snow. There are scarcely any spots habitable. Yet great endeavours have been made to penetrate through those seas in summer time, and sail under the pole; and so on into the Pacific ocean, straight to China on one side, and Peru on the other. But all attempts have been in vain. The last was made by Lord Mulgrave; when the ships were frozen in for ten days, being surrounded on all sides with vast fields of ice, farther than the eye could see. The ice is from 50 to 200 feet above water, and nine times as much is below water as appears above. In many places the winds and waves heap up these vast masses of ice one upon another, to the height of several hundred feet. When the fields of ice separate, the cracking noise is like thunder. It was a joyful sound, however, to his seamen,

who had begun to drag a vessel over the ice for miles, in order to reach the open sea. By the wind changing, the ice was all gone in a few hours, and the ships were set at liberty.

6. *Iceland.*

Iceland is an island in this northern sea, and one of the farthest that is inhabited. Cold as this region is, a volcano spouting out fire is found there, called mount Hecla. This is on the southern part of the island; it rises to the height of about 5000 feet. It has often sent forth flames, and sometimes the burning lava has covered, and ruined, great tracts of land. It is remarkable, that while flames issue from a vast chasm in the mountain, the snow which covers its sides is not melted. At the foot of the mountain, and no doubt connected with the internal fire, there are several places, whence every now and then columns of boiling water are cast out; sometimes to the height of 60, or even 90 feet. There are also many lesser openings, where the boiling water issues with a more regular stream. Over these the inhabitants suspend a kettle, and boil their cookery.

Norway

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Lapland

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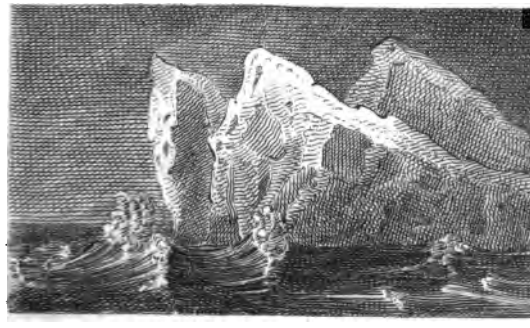

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No bellows to blow, no fuel to find,
No fire to see, nor poker to mind;
I yet boil my dinner, and feed all my party;
Come taste if you doubt it, you're welcome right hearty.

NORWAY.

7. *The Fox catching Crabs.*

Norway is a mountainous wild country, covered with vast forests of fir; great quantities of which are cut down every year, and exported, especially to England, where it is called deal, and is used in every sort of carpentry work. It is to the shores of Norway too, that we send in the proper season, to purchase vast quantities of lobsters, which are found on the coast, in great shoals; you see the boats fishing for them in the distance. Herrings in vast numbers too come from under the ice about the North pole; and dividing into separate bodies, supply the Báltic, and Britain on both sides. And 150,000 fishermen are maintained by the herrings, on the coast of Norway only.

England's navy were too weak
One poor eddying bark to save.
Ah could mother, sisters, hear
As around their fire they smile;
Wife, or prattling children dear,
Who the tedious hours beguile—
But no tidings e'er shall come;
Swallow'd, lost, in deep Maelstroom.

LAPLAND.

10. *Lapland Witch selling a Wind.*

It is something to have escaped the whirlpool, by keeping quite out of its reach; and to find oneself on firm ground. But where are we now? In Lapland! why this is not like England at all. How short the men are, and all clothed in skins; and the women too; one can hardly tell one from the other. But they seem very happy. I should not wonder if they love their mountains, and their huts, and their rein-deer, as well as we do our green fields, and white cottages, our cows, and our horses, and our farm yards. Well, so much the better for them.

May one go into their houses?—I suppose so, if one knocks at the door, and behaves civil. But there is no door, nor chimney; only this narrow hole for us to creep in at, and the smoak to creep out at. Well, and the inside is all lined with skins, warm enough; and there's a fire in the middle; and places parted off with skins all round, for several families to have each their own room. Jack frost may whistle out doors if he pleases, but he can hardly get his nose in here.

So, but what has that old woman got there? A string full of knots; and she tells the Captain, that if he unties them as she bids him, he shall have whatever wind he wishes for: and he is fool enough, that is, ignorant enough, to believe her; and is giving her money for it. What a silly set all round! Well, let me be glad if I know better. I have been better taught: I can read my Bible, and I know therefore, that God sends wind and rain, snow or sunshine, to fulfil his word.

11. *Travelling with a Sledge drawn by Rein-deer.*

Gee ho! a pretty pace too. Ambling and trotting. And so you can go thirty or forty miles without stopping, can you?

Now it seems the rein-deer serves the Laplander instead of horse, and cow, and sheep. He carries their burdens, draws their travelling sledges; the milk finds them in drink, and in cheese; the skins make their clothes, and cover their tents; the flesh is eaten; and the sinews make bowstrings and thread for sewing. Yet he lives on only a little moss, which he digs with his foot from under the snow. Tho' they ramble about, yet at the sound of a horn they will come home.

12. *North Cape.*

On Europe's utmost northern point I stand,
  Where boundless spreads the ocean foaming round;
Beyond me, to the vertic pole, no land,
  No habitation, verdure, life, is found.

Here desolation holds his frozen throne;
  Winter with magic wand the palace rears;
Th' obedient wave becomes translucent stone,
  While rich with icicle the work appears.

Ye rocks all wild, and rough, of size sublime,
  Unchang'd since first th' Almighty flung ye here;
Terrific, barren, vast, defying time;
  The mind o'erwhelm'd, appall'd, recoils with fear.

Such need ye be, your stormy place to hold:
  Rich pasture mould, weak barrier, soon would cease.
Guardians of Europe; ye, like warriors bold,
  Defend the lovelier vales, which smile in peace.

Here dash the waves, like mountains rolling on,
  As if at once to sweep the rock away:
The giant rock the effort spurns, 'tis gone,
  The roar, the eddy, and the foaming spray.

Yet here the summer's sun shall linger bright,
  Th' horizon's blazing edge skim round and round.
One day of months conjoin'd, and then one night,
  Ceaseless, and dreary, marks each annual bound.

Yet here the moon her burnish'd lamp shall shew,
  With mimic day-light blazon night's dull face:
Cheer ebon darkness to a milder hue:
  And give to arctic snows a lovely grace.

Yet here th' aurora through the north shall blaze,
  With stream appropriate chear the traveller's way:
The playful, brilliant, oscillating rays,
  Shall light up night, to chearful holiday.

SWEDEN.

14. *Gustavus Vasa rousing the Dalecarlians.*

Sweden is one of the most northern nations of Europe. The gulf of Bothnia runs up it, and almost divides it in two. From these parts swarmed out the Goths, who at length overran and subverted the Roman empire. Sweden, however, was little known among the nations for many ages. In the 14th century, about the time of our Richard II. Margaret reigned over Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But Christian II. King of Denmark, in order to make himself absolute in Sweden, massacred all the principal nobility of the country, and tyrannized dreadfully over the people. Gustavus Vasa, a prince who escaped his fury, hid himself as a peasant, and worked in the mines among the mountains of Dalecarlia. At length he determined to rid his country of this foreign yoke, and by his courage and eloquence roused the peasants of the mountains, to deliver themselves and Sweden from the Danish bondage. He was successful, and the Swedes in gratitude elected him King.

Sweden

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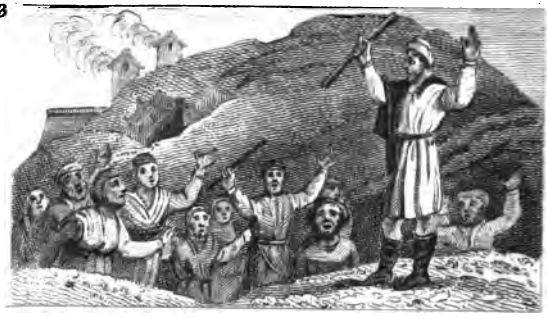

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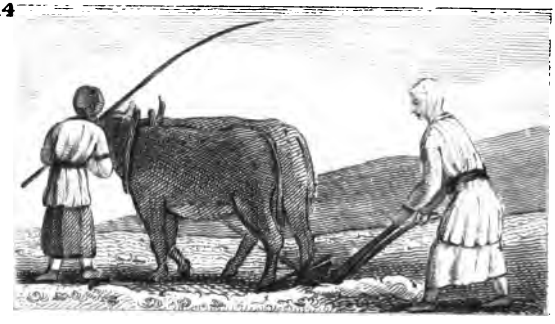

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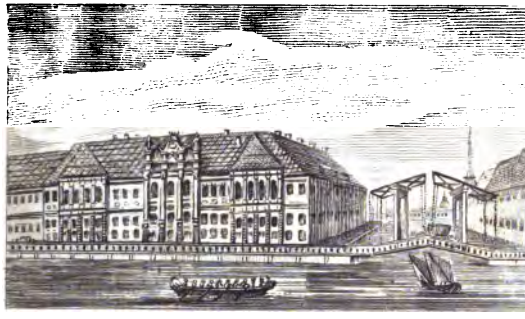
Russia



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Sweden

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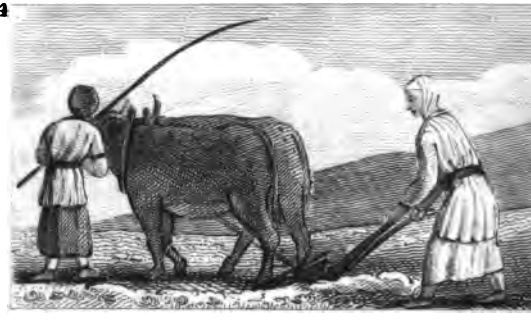

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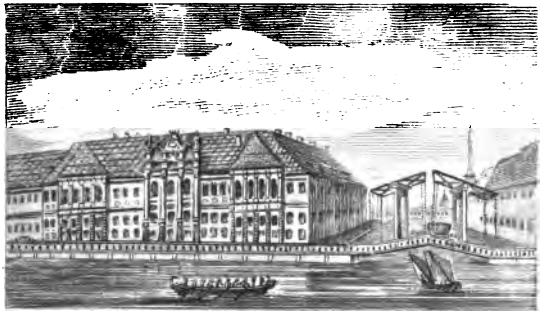
Russia



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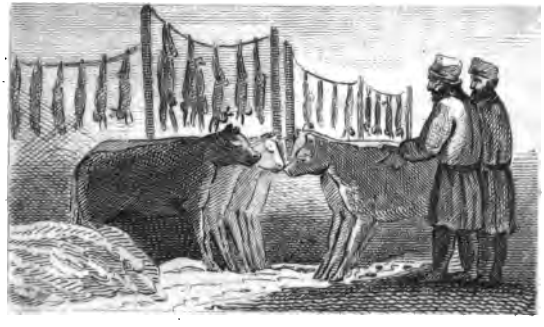

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and do all the drudgery most laborious. But so they do in Sweden.

Look at England's cottage maiden,
  Healthy, clean, can sew and read:
See her bring the eggs new laid in,
  Milk the cow, the poultry feed.

'Neath the oak she plies her knitting,
  Whirls the wheel, or sews the patch:
These are occupations fitting,
  These adorn her roof of thatch.

Grown, become a wife, and mother,
  Home her little kingdom is;
Realm of comforts, wants no other,
  She's her husband's, children's, bliss.

15. *Punishing a cruel Boy.*

In travelling through foreign countries we sometimes meet with what displeases us, but sometimes too we find what has our hearty approbation. The punishing a boy who had been cruel to a poor dog cannot but rejoice us. He who can ill treat a dog, a cat, a horse, a donkey, or indeed any dumb creature, shows a bad disposition. Such a one would torment a sister, or ill treat an old father, or even murder any one he

took an ill will against, if it were not for fear of being hanged. Such cruel dispositions ought to be checked, to be punished as soon as they appear.

RUSSIA.

16. *The Imperial Winter Palace at Petersburgh.*

Russia is indeed a vast empire, even that part of it which lies in Europe. Russia was, however, little known till the time of Peter the Great, who was cotemporary with our William III. Peter himself was a man of a great mind; he found himself ruler of a horde of barbarians, and though he was as much of a brute as any of them, he determined to mold and polish his empire. As the seat of dominion had usually been at Moscow, the Russians had scarcely any intercourse with other nations. He was determined to come nearer to the civilized world, and resolved to build a city for the seat of his empire, which should have access to the sea. He therefore founded, what is now called Petersburgh,

and obliged all his nobility to build themselves sumptuous palaces there, and there attend upon him, as there he would hold his court. Very rapid was the growth of this new city: all his successors have displayed their grandeur in it: and thus in the north, amid wilds, and lakes, and morasses, has a new and grand capital of the Russian empire sprung up.

One of the grandest buildings is this Imperial palace, built of granite and marble; containing forty rooms on a floor. A magnificent building, but in a heavy style of architecture.

17. *Russian Peasants and Sledges.*

The Russian peasants are very hardy, but rough and unpolished. Their winter dress is sheep's skin, with the woolly side inwards: this reaches to the knee, and is bound round the waist by a sash. They wrap a flannel round the leg instead of stockings; wear a high fur cap; and for sandals, weave strips of the bark of a tree, tied by strings of the same nature.

Most of their burdens are drawn upon sledges; which have no wheels, but slide over the snow. Sometimes they are drawn by a peasant, who thus conveys his goods to market; sometimes by

a horse. In summer time, instead of sledges, they use a low carriage on four wheels, drawn by a horse, called from its jolting a *Drojeka*. The Russians love to drive very fast. In the busy streets of Petersburgh, vast numbers of sledges are seen driving in all directions; yet they are so expert, that accidents seldom happen.

18. *Market of frozen Animals.*

The cold in the northern parts of Russia is far beyond our conception here in England. Nothing is more common than for the drivers, when sitting for hire unemployed, to be frozen to death. Incautious people often have the nose frozen, and especially the ear. In which case it is absolutely necessary to rub the part with snow, to bring the circulation on again very gently; should a person, instead of this, apply warm water, or bring the part to the fire, it would instantly mortify, and drop off. Many people have had their faces frost bitten; the place heals with a scar, as if burnt with a hot iron.

This intense cold has one advantage: animals slain, and properly frozen, may be conveyed from any distance, and preserved for months. These

are brought to the city, and a market is formed on the river Neva, which is frozen over, in the beginning of January, and which lasts for three days. It is a curious sight. A sort of street is made on the river, a mile long, where frozen animals are exposed for sale: whole carcases raw; of oxen, sheep, hogs, geese, fowls, and game of all sorts; standing upright, in groupes and circles, or hanging in festoons.

So moo-cow, and piggy hog, how do ye do,
No danger of tearing, or tossing, or mire:
You rabbits, and hares, I can run fast as you;
You seem all very cold, will you come to my fire.
We'll thaw you, and make you quite warm, do you see:
Just the same this to you, but much better to me.

RUSSIA. 2.

19. *The Emperor travelling.*

The frost and snow too afford great conveniences for travelling; very long journeys are thus performed, with ease and expedition. Their carriages are sledges, which slide over the snow;

Russia 2.

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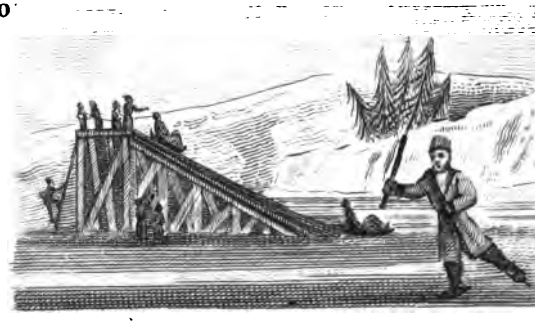

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Russia 3.

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these are warm, being well lined with felt. Sometimes they are drawn by rein-deer, as in Lapland t and sometimes by horses, as soon as the snow is hard enough to bear them. By continual travelling from town to town, in the same track, a sort of road is well beaten over the snow, and it becomes in a few weeks smooth, and proper to pass over; so that the traveller lies at his ease, wrapped up in furs, bidding defiance to the cold.

The Emperor, when he travels, has a sort of small house, large enough to hold a bed, a table, &c. So that half a dozen people may be accommodated in it. This is drawn by a number of horses. If he travels in the night, they set on fire large heaps of wood, which are placed on the sides of the track, and gives him light.

20. *Ice-hills.*

Little boys who cry at the cold, and can only sit by the fire all day, here in England, are ready to think that in Russia nobody will stir out, who can help it, all the winter long. But stirring out and taking hearty exercise, is much better than sitting by the fire, at any time: and the Russians go out on purpose to play. One principal

mode of their amusement consists of their hills of ice, which they build on purpose; making a frame work of timber 30 feet high, ascending at one end by a ladder, and sloping down at the other. This frame is covered with lumps of ice, squared neatly, and laid true like a pavement of stones. Over this they pour water, which soon freezes, and makes one compact body of ice every where. At top of this is a handsome sledge, like a small boat, or butcher's tray. The person gets into this, and is put at the edge of the slope; down this he slides, with such force as to carry him a great way on the flat ice of the river, on which this hill of ice is built. He then comes to another ice hill; which he ascends, and slides down as before; and so on again, one after another. Sometimes boys will skait down these places, on one leg, keeping their balance with great adroitness.

21. *Statue of Peter the Great.*

This is a grand work: the statue is of bronze, admirable in all its parts, cast by Mons. Falconet, a great statuary. It is placed on the top of a real rock of granite, which after six months im-

24. *Moscow.*

While Bonaparte was emperor of the French, his insatiable ambition urged him to make an attack upon Russia. With three hundred thousand men he passed across Germany, and penetrated to Moscow. Then the Russians, in order to prevent his settling there, set the city on fire in every place; so that he only entered upon heaps of smoking ruins. This obliged him to return, and in returning, the snow set in, and the cold, and hunger, as the whole country was devastated, and destroyed his army: in which forlorn condition the troops of Russia closed round him in various quarters, so that with great difficulty he escaped, with scarcely fifty thousand of his troops. This sacrificing of Moscow saved the whole Russian empire.

Moscow was too hot to hold,
  So the French forsook it;
But the country all so cold,
  Flesh and blood can't brook it.

Barren all the country round,
  For the people fled it;
Yet were troops in thousands found,
  Well might Frenchmen dread it.

Hot and cold were equal foes,
  What could Boney do, Sir?
Do, why run away he chose:
  What d'ye think should you, Sir.

He would Russia like full well,
  Could he but have got it:
Fighting, freezing, starving, tell,
  He indeed had not it!

TURKEY.

25. *Constantinople.*

Now we have given a good jump, and have got into Turkey: where the men wear long beards, and whiskers, and petticoats like women. Well if they like it, so let 'em.

But where is Constantinople? why there, on the eastern edge of Europe, just where it touches Asia, under the Black Sea. The Roman emperor Constantine built a city there, and called it by his own name. He thought that place more convenient for the seat of government than Rome, because it was nearer the eastern provinces. By so doing, however, he eventually split the empire into two parts; the eastern, and the western, of which Rome was still the capital. In the eastern

Turkey

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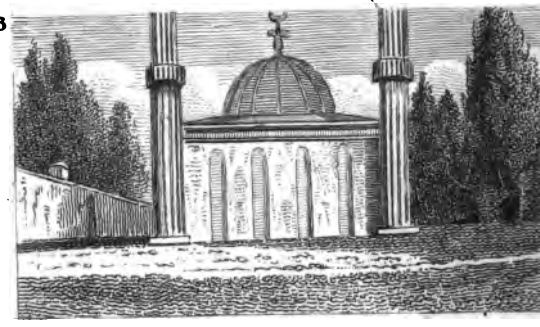

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Greece

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part the empire existed for many years after its western division was overthrown. But growing weak by this division, and weaker still by luxury and effeminate indulgence, becoming too luxurious to fight their own battles; the troops which they hired to defend the empire, at last conquered their feeble masters: and the Turks now reign over provinces and cities, where once the Roman glory was at its height.

The grand Seignior, is one of the titles, (for he has many) of the Turkish Emperor. The appropriate sign, or ornament, is the crescent, or new moon. He is despotic, and his will is law; but as in all despotic countries, his soldiers really rule, and they take the liberty sometimes to strangle the Sultan, when he is out of favour, and place another prince on the throne.

Constantinople is a very large city: many of the old Roman edifices remain, and many beautiful specimens are destroyed: as the Turks, tho' magnificent, have no taste or knowledge.

26. *The Mosque.*

When the Turks conquered the eastern Roman empire, they brought with them their religion;

which regards Mahomet as the great prophet from God, who they say was sent to spread religion by the sword. Accordingly wherever he came, he put every one to death, who would not receive him and his religion, as coming from God. The christians of that day had become very corrupt, holding indeed the name of Jesus Christ, but in works denying him. God in his anger suffered Mahometanism to spread, and almost sweep away the very name of christianity; as the spirit and substance of it were gone before. It is thus he often punishes the carelessness, and sinful compliances, of those who are not truly religious.

The buildings where these Mahomedans meet for prayers, are called mosques. They are usually covered with a dome, surmounted with the crescent, and ornamented on each side with tall towers, called minarets. In a gallery, about half way up the minaret, stands the mullah, who at certain hours calls the people to prayers.

O'er fair Arabia's spicy plains,
By foul Mahomet's flag unfurl'd,
Despotic superstition reigns,
Clanking aloft her mental chains;
Affrighting, blinding, half the abject eastern world.

As spreads the mountain torrent wide,
With dreadful desolating course;
So bursting forth on every side,
Urg'd by ambition, lust, and pride,
The bloody prophet strides, with overwhelming force.

So was the beauteous East despoil'd
Of nature's gifts; of arts renown'd;
Her shady groves; her mountains wild;
Her fanes o'erthrown, in ruins piled;
Or clear'd, to let his mosque profane the hallow'd ground.

Aloft the gilded crescent now,
(Where once the cross), triumphant rears.
Blind ignorance bids her votaries bow,
Repeat the Koran, breathe the vow,
Or vainly pray to one, who neither sees nor hears.

The Turk's own mind example gives,
Of what such superstition breeds:
Debas'd, luxurious, proud, he lives;
Despises knowledge, and believes
His sword, his haram, all, he now, or ever needs.

27. *Greek Ladies.*

Turkey in Europe is the very country of the ancient Greeks; many descended from them live

intermingled among the Turks, and in deplorable subjection to them. Their persons, and customs, and religion, are however very different; and present an interesting spectacle to the intelligent traveller.

Greek ladies are very fond of jewels; and dress in all their finery, even when not about to see company. They love to sit on a sofa, and be fanned by their slaves. The young ladies when they meet, lay hold of each other's ears, with both hands, and kiss, not the lips, but the eyes.

O! papa do look at this,
See how odd these ladies kiss.
When you kiss me, I should fear,
Were you thus to pull my ear,

Nay, I will thine ears hold fast,
Not with fist, but speeches soft;
So thine eyes salute, as past,
Mine thy various features oft:
While my mouth its pleasure sips,
From thy smiling cherry lips.
England thus with Greece shall vie,
Heart, and lip, and ear, and eye.

GREECE.

28. *Athens.*

In that small southern part of Turkey, which is almost separated into an island, dwelt the several nations of the ancient Greeks: whose poetry, history, and deeds of arts and arms, whose politics, and science, exhibit to this day the most interesting specimen of human exertion. While nations who occupied large portions of the earth are sunk in oblivion; mind, intellect, by its wonderful energies, contrived to make this little spot famous through the civilized world. Not to know something of Grecian history, is to be ignorant indeed.

For polite learning, Athens rose above its neighbours; and for arts and arms. Men, worthy of the name; philosophers, heroes, artists, whose works are to this day the standard of beauty and sublimity; buildings, which have astonished beholders for 2500 years. Writings on every subject hence emanated, and spread the benign influence of knowledge, taste and genius, far and wide. Fallen as Athens is, every chip of her stones is valuable; every relic of antient mind is precious,

to those who have knowledge and taste enough, to understand wherein excellence consists.

Spirit of Athens, hovering near,
Among thine echoing ruins drear,
Whose vast remains, in form sublime,
Defiance scowl on mouldering Time;
Lift thy dejected head awhile,
Rekindle thy enchanting smile;
Rouse long lost feelings, and retrace
The energies of ancient days:
Thy dream of grandeur; when thy soul
Disdain'd the despot's least controul,
When liberty her bounties wild
Shed sweet on every free-born child;
And arts, and arms, and science grew;
And Academus' gardens knew
Whate'er delights, exalts, refines,
Or rouses intellect——reclines
Thy sinking head again?—too late
For hope, resistless is thy fate!

29. *Thermopylæ.*

Much of the animating history of Greece relates to their heroic resistance against the Persians, who attacked them repeatedly. Xerxes came at one time, with more than a million of men, like a

flood overflowing. But his army, before it could reach the heart of Greece, had to go through a very narrow spot, called the pass of Thermopylæ. Here Leouidas King of Sparta, with only three hundred of his men, resisted, and for three days defended the place, against that immense army. Every one lost his life, rather then yield. They were at last by treachery overcome.

The brave will love the brave, and deep revere;
Let Britons honour with a brother's tear
That King of freedom, and his Spartan band,
Who nobly fought to save their native land.
No lust of conquest urg'd them to invade,
They fought th' invader, and they fell betray'd.

Should foemen fill our country with alarms,
Think of Thermopylæ, and rouse to arms.

40. *Colossus of Rhodes.*

This was a gigantic brazen statue of Apollo; which was made to stride across the mouth of the harbour: between its legs the vessels passed in full sail. It held in its hand a light, to guide mariners in the dark. It fell by an earthquake, 224 years before Christ. The brass, when cut to pieces, loaded 900 camels to take it away.

It was 135 feet high, and had within side a winding staircase, which led to the top. It laid in ruins 894 years. When the Saracens took Rhodes they sold it. It was esteemed one of the Seven Wonders of the world.

ARCHIPELAGO.

31. *Island of Scio, or Chios.*

Between Turkey and Asia Minor, is a large sea full of Islands; many of which were famous in history. This sea has been the scene of great exploits, by the naval commanders, among the Greeks, in times of war; and the principal means of their intercourse with the eastern nations, in times of peace.

The isle of Samos is famous, as having been the birth place of Pythagoras, a great philosopher. Patmos is that to which the apostle John was banished, and where he saw, and wrote the Revelations. Paros, eminent for the whiteness of its marble, of which some buildings, and many of the finest statues were made.

Scio, or Chios, is one of the largest islands; and is still remarkable for the beauty of the Greek girls who inhabit it: the finest forms, from which

diseases, or in securing of happiness. Many trinkets are hung around, as testimonies of gratitude, for benefits supposed to be so received.

ITALY. 1.

34. *Mount Etna.*

This burning mountain is not in Italy properly so called, but in the island of Sicily; which lies at the foot of Italy, and apparently once joined it in fact, as it has done much in intimate connexion: it is now a principal part of the King of Naples' dominions.

It is thirty miles from the bottom of this mountain to the top. The lower part is astonishingly fruitful, aided much by its internal warmth; the middle region is woody, and all the top part is extremely desolate, being covered with perpetual snow: out of the midst of which, at the central point, issues smoke, or flame, continually.

Very dreadful eruptions of burning lava have

taken place from hence, which has at times descended to the bottom of the mountain, and greatly damaged the city of Catania, pouring in like a huge mass of melted iron among the houses, crushing and burning wherever it came. The internal convulsions of the mountain occasion likewise very violent earthquakes; which shake various parts of the island, and overthrow cities. Messina was greatly damaged by one a few years ago.

Travellers sometimes penetrate to the top, and are repaid with one of the grandest and most extensive prospects in the world—a sight which at sun rise is sublime beyond description.

35. *Scylla.*

Where the island of Sicily almost joins the continent, are two remarkable places, which were dreadful to the mariners of former days, though our present skill in navigation enables us to avoid, or overcome them. One of them is called Scylla; it is a parcel of rocks, against which the sea roars tremendously, with horrid noises. The ancients therefore fabled Scylla as a woman, whose lower part was like a fish, and

under water, and from whose waist grew a number of barking, howling heads of dogs, which they said made those horrid noises. And as many vessels were lost there, she was said to devour all who came near her. The other danger is a whirlpool, called Charybdis, whose eddy drew in such small vessels as were anciently in use. Between these the passage was but narrow, and the person who kept aloof from one, was very likely to get in danger of the other.

Thus often in life our prudence is tried,
With safety to steer, with adroitness to guide;
While dangers on either hand watch to destroy
The ignorant girl, or the venturesome boy.

36. *The Grotto del Cani.*

The lake Agnano, near Naples, is remarkable for a bubbling up of fetid air through it, continually. This same effluvia makes its appearance in several natural caverns around the lake: one of them is called Grotto del Cani, or the dogs' grotto; because it is customary to thrust one of those poor animals into the vapour, in order to shew its effects. He soon loses all signs of life;

they then cast him into the lake, when the waters recover him.

A dog!—what a term of contempt and abuse,
Yet even a puppy may he of some use:
Yes, puppies with four legs, as here you may view,
I can't say so much for some puppies on two.

ITALY. 2.

37. 38. 39. *Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.*

This mountain, which stands near Naples, has been famous, as far back as history reaches, for its dreadful eruptions. It always burns more or less, emitting smoke or flame. Many times it has devastated the country around. About 79 years after the birth of Christ, it buried the beautiful city of Herculanæum, which has lately been discovered by digging.

Vesuvius! yes, they steepy sides are green,
With vine leaves gay, and purple grapes between.
The peasant's hut dots bright the hillocks side;
The peasant's garden glows with autumn's pride.

Italy 2.

37

38

39

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Italy 3.

40

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42

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Italy 2.

37

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Italy 3.

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41

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In silent preparation hatch. There lowers,
With purpose dire, each giant Gas, yet held
In durance feeble; by one spark impell'd
Now bursting into flame, with rumblings loud,
Towards thy wide crater jostling armies crowd;
Conflicting, struggling. Heaves the solid earth
With throes parturient, till the feuds have birth.
Then forked lighnings flash, with vivid blaze;
Th' electric fury darts a thousand ways.
Thick sulphurous clouds expand o'er all the sky.
Darkness on noon-day scowls, with standard high
Covering heaven's azure vault; th' affrighted sun
Looks pale as ashes, red as blood the moon.
Toss'd into upper air, thy entrails deep,
From distant regions brought, the zenith sweep:
Stones, metals, melted; cinders, waters, mix'd,
Shower over realms afar; or ponderous fix'd
As lava, boiling o'er, a burning tide
From thy crack'd crater, bears its horrors wide.

The vineyard walls a feeble barrier yields;
The crackling vines, the smoking blazing fields
Mark its slow progress. Now the peasant's hut
Illumes the track. The princely mansions shut
In vain their bolted doors; around, beneath,
Within, resistless creeps pervading death.
The scar'd inhabitant escapes, to see
His all consum'd, and live in beggary.
Or towards the city, with slow haste it flows,

Pours o'er the walls, upsets whole streets in rows.
Like rival deluge, seeks th' affrighted sea;
The green wave boils, the scalded fishes flee.
The iron promontory cools, and keeps
Its ill-got station, in the yeilding deeps.

Thus lost, for seventeen slumbering centuries,
Fam'd Herculanæum ruin'd, buried, lies.
Fresh brought to light, like jewel kept with care,
Thy houses, prisons, streets, again laid bare,
Present th' antique to curiosity
Better than books: the things themselves we see.
Statues, and pictures, temples, idol gods,
The very ruts of wheels, in stone paved roads.
See! yes, that skeleton in fetters bound,
Was forced to stay, while all were fleeing round.
Sudden his glimmering light obscur'd, them dark,
For ever dark, his dungeon. Did he hark
For some intelligence, to tell him, why;
Or wonted footsteps bringing food! his cry
No ear can reach; no voice of friendly tone
Attempts to sooth him, or could reach his own.
Ah better they, the thousands who were slain,
In one quick moment, on the sulphurous plain
O'erwhelm'd, unsens'd, they yield their easy
breath:
He lingering, slowly sips the dregs of death.

But why at Roman idol gods a sneer,

Behold a worse idolatry appear.
When to a sapless scull men look, and pray,
To keep th' encroaching lava far away.
Th' insensate lava hears not, fears not, flows
Hissing reproof; burns, buries, overthrows.
The wary monks retire to other ground,
Then ply St. Januarius, round and round.
And when the lava stops, as stop it must,
The silly people praise their saint, and trust.
Forgetting God, whose mercy saves alone,
They trust a man, a dead man's rotten bone.
May God forgive the stupid wicked deed,
Send them the Bible there, and bid them read.

The papists pretend, they have the head of a man they call Saint Januarius, which can stop the burning lava. They don't choose to stand too long to try; but retire, and retire again; till the lava cools enough to stop of itself: then they say their Saint has done it; and the poor people who cannot read, believe them.

40. *Finding Romulus and Remus.*

From what small beginnings do great things sometimes arise. Rome, that grand city, that vast empire; whose wars, and manners, and arts, and writers, have filled the pages of history for ages, once did not exist; but owed its tiny beginning to a tiny little boy. It is said, that a shepherd discovered a wolf suckling a couple of young children: he was much surprised, and took the babes home to his wife. The two boys grew; one was called Romulus, and the other Remus. When come to manhood, they evinced a noble spirit, distinguished themselves among their neighbours in hunting the wild beasts, which destroyed their flocks; and they became leaders in such enterprises. From destroying beasts, they rose to resisting robbers: and being clever, bold, and successful, many young men joined them. They at last built a town, and invited inhabitants. The brothers both wished to rule: a quarrel about the place for the city, ended in the death of Remus. Romulus therefore became sole King, and from him the new city was called Rome.

O! dear mamma, I wish I was a King,
How I should like to sit upon a throne.
It would be such a wondrous clever thing
To rule, and have a city of my own.

That you may do, my boy, and shed no blood,
Nor quarrel with your neighbours for the thing.
Rule your own self, govern your life, be good;
That is your kingdom, then yourself a King.

41. *Modern Rome.*

Romulus would not know his own city, were he to rise from the grave and behold it. At first it was only a parcel of huts: it rose in time to be full of grand buildings; temples to the gods, theatres, baths, and palaces. These are chiefly mouldering to ruins. Pagan Rome is gone; but a power as domineering has by degrees risen in this imperial city. The bishop of Rome, or Pope, as he is called, claiming spiritual rule over the hearts, and lives, and consciences of men. This has been exercised in a manner most dreadful; by shutting out men from the Scriptures, by turning men's attention from Jesus Christ, the only Saviour, to Saints, and Angels, and bishops, and priests, and beads, and cruci-

fixes, and wafers: and especially, by persecuting to death all who would not submit to such absurdities.

Rome is still a large city. It has in it many churches, and other grand buildings. St. Peter's church stands eminent, like our St. Paul's at London.

42. *The Coliseum.*

This is one of the finest remains of the architecture of ancient Rome. It is a vast oval amphitheatre, built to accommodate the Roman people, with the shews of which they were so fond. Twelve thousand Jewish captives were employed by Vespasian in building it. In the middle was a large open area, where battles of men and wild beasts took place, to amuse the brutal people. Seats are all around it, rising one above another to the top. It would seat 87,000, and 20,000 more could stand in it.

Where are the myriads, who thy crouded side
Studded with heads, successive ages' pride:
Monarchs, and common men, and beauties fair,
Bodies, and souls:—religion tell me where!

ITALY. 4.

43. *The Arch of Titus.*

Titus was a Roman emperor, who commanded the armies which besieged the rebellious Jews, and finally destroyed the city of Jerusalem. He brought the spoils of the Temple to Rome, and to perpetuate his victory, this Arch was built: on the inside of which was sculptured the instruments of Jewish worship, as borne before him in his triumphant entry into Rome. It still remains, though in decay.

Ah poor Jerusalem, of cities queen,
  When once thine own Jehovah shelter'd thee;
Where white-rob'd priests, in holy portals seen,
  Thine offerings slew, in grand solemnity.

What ails thee now, demolish'd, captive led,
  Thy sons dispers'd abroad all under heaven;
Yet still preserv'd distinct, more easy made
  A mark, to scorn and foul oppression given.

Ill fated tribes, who with one voice refuse
  God's own Messiah, dying to redeem :—
As Prince exalted now, his power he shews;
  He can destroy the souls who spurn at him.

Switzerland.

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48

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Italy 4.

43

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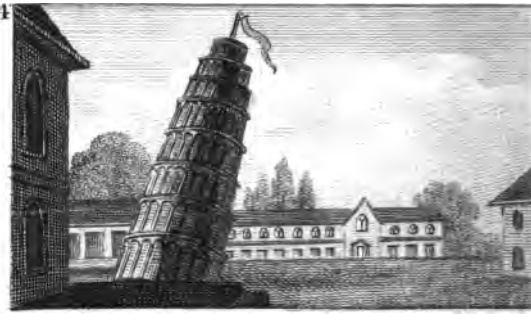

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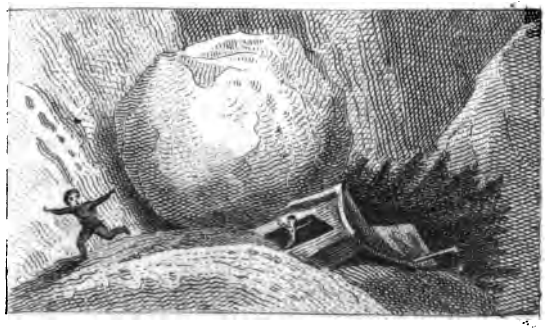

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Italy 4.

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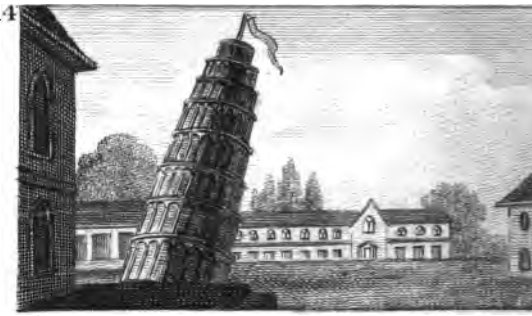

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Italy 4.

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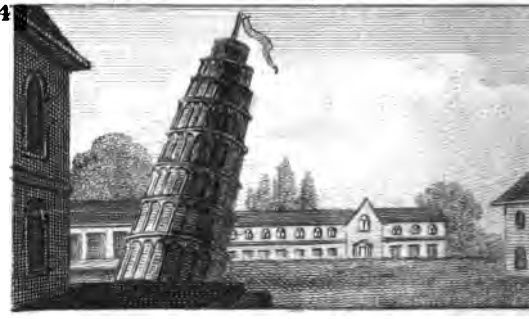

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Switzerland.

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when in a foreign land, that they must return home, or they pine away and die. It is thus:

Oh when shall I return one day,
To all I love, though far away.
  Our brooks so clear,
  Our hamlets dear,
  Our cots so nigh,
  Our mountains high;
And sweeter still than mount or dell,
The ever gentle Isabel.
Beneath the elm, in verdant mead,
Dance to the shepherd's rural reed.

Oh when shall I return one day,
To all I love, though far away.
  My father, mother, I'll caress;
  My sister, brother, fondly press:
    While lambkins play,
    And cattle stray;
And smiles my lovely shepherdess.

47. *William Tell.*

The Switzers had been held as part of the Emperor's dominions; but his governors treating them with cruel oppression, it occasioned at last a revolt; and they delivered themselves from the

German yoke. It was during their oppression, that Gresler their governor, in his wantonness of tyranny, set his hat upon a pole, and commanded every one who passed it to bow, as if himself were there. William Tell disdained such crouching, and was condemned to shoot with his bow at an apple placed on the head of his own son: he split the apple, without injuring his child. Being asked how he came to have two arrows, he bluntly answered—if the first had hit my son, the second should have found your heart. He was imprisoned for this, but escaped, and with a few others, formed a plan for delivering his country, which succeeded.

48. *The Avalanche, or Mountain Snowball.*

The tops of the Alpine mountains are constantly covered with snow. It sometimes happens that a portion of this frozen snow becomes loosened, and from a great height comes rolling down. It gathers in its course; and becomes at last so large, as to cover and destroy houses, or even a whole village.

Some of the valleys are full of ice; which is

when in a foreign land, that they must return home, or they pine away and die. It is thus:

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Some of the valleys are full of ice; which is

See the glimmering sun declines,
'Tween the boughs a red beam shines:
Now he splendid sinks, and seems
To fire the Danube with his beams.

Let the moon beam lightly play,
Tipping every leafy spray.
Now no longer careless roam;
Sweet her light to guide us home.

In the Prater's varied way,
Thus I spend a holiday.
But a life so——no, I scorn;
I for nobler ends was born.
Satisfaction can't be found
Thus, in pleasure's ceaseless round.

54. *Vienna.*

As the Emperor of Austria is the greatest Prince in Germany, and Vienna is his residence, this gives the city a pre-eminence, and it ranks as the capital of the Empire.

It is not very large, being confined by strong fortifications; and as no buildings outside the city can be placed near these, there is a broad space between the city and the suburbs, which renders the whole both beautiful, and healthy.

It stands where the river Vien joins the broad Danube. The streets are very narrow. The second floor in every house belongs to the Emperor; in which therefore he places some officer, unless the citizens, at a high price, purchase an exemption from such inmates. Iron bars are put to all the windows; which gives to every house the appearance of a prison. There are many grand buildings, and noble institutions; the Emperors omitting nothing which can give importance to their principal city.

POLAND.

55. *Polish Gentleman, City of Cracow.*

Poor Poland! it was once a country, and had a government, and a King, of its own; but three of its great neighbours thought they should like it for themselves: so they agreed together, and took each a share. Who was to help the poor people? It cost a great deal of fighting, and bloodshed; but what do Kings and Emperors care for that. Well, I had rather have a little honestly gotten, than a Kingdom so.

Yet it is a pity, for they seem to be a worthy people. Their nobles indeed love a great deal of pomp, and the common people are all vassals, slaves to their lords. So that I should not like much to live there, I had rather be in England.

Poland! yes, I drop a tear
O'er thy perish'd liberty;
Ever will the brave revere
Such as struggle to be free.

Struggle! how, alas, in vain,
Overwhelm'd in fatal hour.
Who will hear thee e'en complain,
Who has will to help, or power.

Russia, Austria, Prussia, see,
All combin'd, determin'd, rise.—
So when bloody Eagles three
Seize a a lamb, it bleats and dies.

The Poles shave their heads, all but a tuft on the crown, and wear great whiskers. A fur cap, a long vest, with a gown, or a short cloak, over it, give them a noble appearance; that is, the gentry, for the common people, a thick coarse cloth serves them; or in winter, a sheep-skin, with the wool inwards.

56. *The Wild Child.*

In the vast forests which cover many parts of Poland and Germany, are found children quite wild as the beasts, among whom they have lived. These must have been dropped by their mothers, in the frequent inroads made by barbarous nations. Peter the wild boy, as he was called, was found there in the time of George I. He was brought over to England, and lived to be above 80. When found he lived on leaves, grass, and berries. He could not speak, nor could they ever teach him above a few words.

Poor outcast orphan, thou hast never known
  A father's shelter, o'er thy houseless head;
No mother's care, with fond affection's tone,
  Sooth'd thy young griefs, or smooth'd thy infant bed.

Thy nurse, perchance the wild sow, savage, foul,
  Mid grunting pigs, thyself as sordid sees:
Or wolf bereav'd of young, with hideous howl,
  Welcom'd thy lips, her stiffening dugs to ease.

That stare unmeaning tells a tale of woe:
  Thou hadst no teaching smile, thy smiles to mould.

No fond caress bade thy caresses glow,
  Thy pliant heart's warm feelings to unfold.

What muttering noises clatter o'er thy tongue;
  Ne'er bid to cry mamma, by well lov'd voice;
Woo'd to say pray, or taa, while fondly clung
  On her fair bosom, flush'd with mutual joys.

Not speak! what never call to playmates dear,
  Nor hold sweet dialogue with brother boy;
Nor lead thy sister, hush her infant fear:—
  Alas! thy lonely self was all thy joy.

True thou canst run, by beast pursuing taught,
  And climb, like squirrel o'er the tree top moss:
Thy haggard limbs are active, thou hast caught
  Some excellence, sad excellence, by loss.

'Tis melancholy e'en thy mirth to see,
  Irrational, disgusting, sensual, low.
Yet let it rouse deep gratitude in me,
  What contrast mercies, o'er my bosom flow.

My infant days were watch'd with tender care,
  Instruction's kindest form allur'd my mind.
Thanks to my parents, teachers, each their share;
  To heaven my feelings point, by heaven refin'd.

57. *Inflammable Springs.*

There are many remarkable mines, and springs, in Poland. Near Cracow, the capital city, they dig salt out of the earth, from the depth of several hundred yards. The virtues of one particular spring, are said to assist life; many persons of 100 years old constantly drink them. They seem to be impregnated with some peculiar vapour, as a flame bursts forth, if a lighted torch is applied, and dances on the surface.

GERMANY. 1.

58. *Hunting the wild Boar.*

Germany consists of many States; differing in government, religion, and manners. The King of Prussia rules most of the northern provinces; as the Emperor of Austria governs the southern. In the western part are some independent States.

The people of Germany in general are famous for industry. Their application to whatever art they adopt, is wonderful: they succeed therefore.

Watches were first invented by them, and were called Nuremberg eggs. Dull, plodding, are not terms of disgrace, when they mean a patient pursuit of art or science, that determines to catch it.

Their dress resembles much the English, tho' in some places, rich furs and diamonds are much affected by the wealthy. The lower classes are little better than slaves to the rich landholders, and the women, laborious servants to their husbands.

The baron, the prince, the nobles of Germany, are much addicted to field sports; among which is pre-eminent the hunting the wild boar. In the black forest, and in many other vast woods, wild swine are common; and often very detrimental to the peasantry. To rout these from their hiding places, and to kill them, is the sport, and the profit, of many. Westphalia hams, so much esteemed, should be thus obtained.

59. *Timber Floats.*

One of the most remarkable things on the Rhine, (the river which runs between France and Germany) is the raft of whole timbers, which floats down the stream for sale in Holland.

These rafts consist of trees, cut in such forests as can reach the river. In small parcels they pass the difficult places, and are then united; often to the length of a thousand feet, and 80 or 90 wide; and so deep, as to float seven feet above the water. The trees, many of them 70 feet long, are all well fastened to each other with iron spikes, and cross timbers; till the whole is one firm compact body, like a floating island, with a village covering the top; for it requires nearly 500 labourers to manage it, while it swims down the river. Two rows of huts are built upon it, forming a street between them; with larger huts for the kitchen, and the Captain's dwelling: so that it looks all alive. A vast quantity of provision they carry with them, to feed so many men, several weeks; till they get to Dort, which is one of the towns where they break up their whole mass, and sell it; sometimes to the value of thirty thousand pounds.

When it moves, a number of smaller rafts, which are fastened to it in front, go first; with small boats to guide it. Then every labourer sits in his place, on a bench, to manage the oars, rowing with all his might, according as directed by the Captain and other officers. Before they actually move, when all the men are each at their

several places, the pilot takes off his hat, and calls out. " let us pray." In one instant the whole party are on their knees, asking the blessing of God on their voyage.

They have many anchors, with which they fasten the whole raft to the shore, when they want to stop.

60. *Fall of the Rhine.*

Queen of Germanic floods, whose silver stream
From Grison Alps rises in double fount;
Where baby Switzers, fording barefoot, seem
Of thy young honours to make small account.

How bursts thy wave indignant, mightier grown,
Where fam'd Schaffhausen spans thy wave with pride;
From yon high ledge of rocks, impetuous thrown,
Deep, foaming, bellowing, headlong plunging tide.

The storm of passion o'er, the vale attain'd,
Grown gentler unoppos'd, thy lovely course
'Mid hamlets wanders slow, as if detain'd
By glens and forests, with attractive force.

Yet urg'd by stores accumulated, deep,
Commerce delighted claims thy friendly aid:

Proud cities rise in every bending sweep;
Strasbourgh, and Worms, Mentz, Cologn, rich in trade.

Hail beauteous flood! like life thy course appears:
As infant simple, rash in youth, then grown
Rich and mature, at last like hoary years,
Lost, sunk, neglected, name and honours gone,

GERMANY. 2.

61. *Aix la Chapelle.*

Germany abounds with mineral waters. These are springs, whose reservoirs are deep in the mountains, and becoming by that means impregnated with various saline and metallic substances, they are in fact medicines ready prepared by nature, and of considerable power. In most places where invalids crowd for the purpose of drinking these waters, or of bathing in them, there is also a resort of fashionable company, whose only object is to share in the amusements, which are provided in plenty during the proper season. Baden, near Vienna, is very famous; also Spa,

and Pyrmont, and those of Aix la Chapelle, all in Westphalia, are perhaps the most resorted to.

Invalids in crowds repair
Where the healing waters flow;
Drink the potent medicine there,
Bathe their limbs, and lose their woe.
Come then sick, and lame, and fearful,
Drink; be well, and strong, and chearful.

But what crowds the waters pass,
Smile at others faces wry;
Do not taste a single glass;
Look, and praise, and pass it by.
These a giddy, idle party,
Feel no sickness, say they're hearty.

So, where better waters rise,
Cleansing, healing, guilty souls;
Many all these streams despise,
Spurn, neglect, the proffer'd bowls.
Let me drink, for thus I read it,
" This is free to all who need it."

62. *German Peasantry.*

There are parts of Germany where industry is scarcely known. Luxury and idleness mark the higher ranks; while poverty, dirtiness, and in-

Germany *North.*

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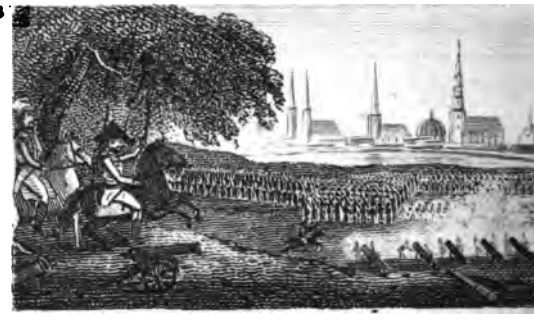

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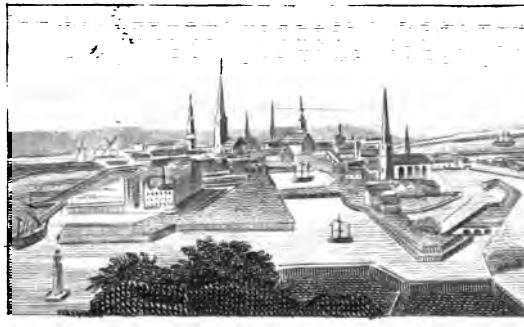
Denmark



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civility give a disgusting character to the lower orders.

Whose hut may that be, it seems ready to fall;
With boards tied with packthread, without any nails,
With its roof broken in, and great holes in the wall,
Without any garden, without any pales.
Why idleness lives there, you plainly may see;
With poverty, dirt, and disease, his brats three.

63. *Berlin.*

Berlin is the capital of the Prussian dominions, where the King resides. It has been suddenly, and lately, raised to considerable beauty; all that is new being built on a regular plan. There are many grand palaces in it, handsome squares, and churches; but the outside often seems better in appearance, than the inside feels in accommodation and furniture.

Frederic III. who was a great warrior, and who of course successfully robbed all his neighbours, raised Prussia to its present elevation; greatly by his military discipline. When told of the balloons, then newly invented in France, he replied,

The French in balloons as their own claim the air;
The English will domineer over the sea;
The land Russia has, nor a morsel can spare;
Then fire! there is nothing but fire left for me.

DENMARK.

64. *Copenhagen.*

Denmark is only a small tongue of land, projecting from the north of Germany into the sea. Yet has it been very powerful, reigning over Norway also, and Sweden. From thence poured forth great numbers, whose incessant attacks upon England obtained more or less dominion over it for 200 years, especially in the time of Alfred, and under Canute. Of late years the despotism of the Court has produced much misery among the people.

The dominions of the King of Denmark dip a little into Germany: but the seat of government is at Copenhagen; a beautiful city, built with regularity, and some splendour. It has during the last war been brought into notice, by the attacks made on it twice by the English; who

brought away all their shipping, to prevent their joining the French.

Denmark itself presents but few curiosities. Unless we mention the village of Anglen, near Sleswick; from whence came the Angles, or Saxons so called, who by settling in Britain, gave names to several kingdoms, which at last issued in England, or Angle-land.

65. *Danish Watchman.*

It is a custom worth our notice, that the Danish watchman, as he goes his rounds at bed-time, stops occasionally, and puts up a prayer to God, to preserve the city from fire. He also warns the inhabitants to be careful of their candles. This is quite right, to join prayer to God, with our own carefulness; and our own carefulness, with prayer to God.

Father, whose all-seeing eye
  Pierces darkness as the day;
Safe within thy care I lie,
  Hear me, when I humbly pray.

Thee I own, thy guardian-power
  Keeps when sleep my sense enchains;

Guards from harm in midnight hour;
  Murderous hands, or feverish veins.

Guards from smould'ring blazing fire,
  How beyond my utmost care;
Though I see each spark expire,
  Still I trust to thee by prayer.

Keep from conflagration's blaze
  All the house wherein I dwell:
Keep me, by thy richer grace,
  From th' eternal fire of hell.

66. *The blind Workman.*

It is a great mercy to have all our senses preserved, especially our eyesight: those who see are apt to forget its value. However, when persons have been deprived of sight, a vigorous mind will act; and sometimes in a way which quite surprizes us.

There is in the Royal Museum in Copenhagen a cabinet, curiously constructed of ivory and ebony, by a man who was entirely blind. Let no one who has the use of his eyes say, "I can't do it;" when such admirable things have been done, by persons labouring under blindness.

Many instances have been known, of blind persons, who have excelled in various arts; in music frequently: the blind fiddler is often seen. Mr. Stanley, a famous organist, was blind. Dr. Sanderson, who read lectures in astronomy and mathematics at Cambridge, lost his sight when about three years old, yet was one of the best lecturers of his time. Our great poet Milton, is another instance; though he did not lose his sight till late in life.

There are persons who undertake to teach the blind, even to write; and in many things to gain a livelihood. A noble charity, assisting, and supporting, a helpless and pitiable sort of people.

If the blind can excel me, it sure is a shame;
But none shall e'er tell me, that thus I'm to blame.
My eyes I will use 'em, and mind all I see;
Nor idle abuse 'em, as useless to me.
What work can I do now, like that poor blind man;
I've nothing to shew now—but will if I can.
I ought to be learning, so good are my eyes;
I then may be earning my daily supplies.
Tho' now my good father provides for my need,
I'm sure I should rather be useful indeed.

HOLLAND.

67. *The Flat Country.*

The kingdom of the Netherlands now includes all that used to be called Holland, and the Low Countries; the general face of which is extremely flat, without a mountain in it. The land indeed was once overflown by the sea, and the rivers; but by great labour, in making banks or dykes, they keep the rivers within bounds, and prevent the sea from entering. They have thus a country for which nature has done little; all that exists is the work of art, and shews what may be effected if people will try.

From the top of a high steeple you may see a vast way, one flat wide plain, studded with cities and villages, and cut across in every direction with canals, which are indeed the high roads for travelling.

The lowness of the land, and the abundance of the water, make the atmosphere foggy and damp, so that every thing moulds, rusts, and rots, very fast: but this, as it obliges them to scour and clean frequently, has given to the whole

Holland

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France I.

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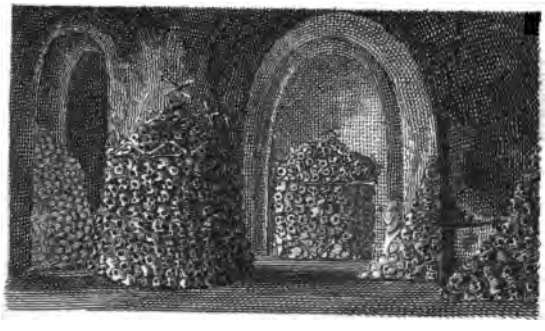

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country a great air of neatness. This is producing good out of evil.

The genteeler people in all European countries dress much alike; it is among the peasantry one sees the specific differences. The Dutch boors shew their peculiarities in a striking manner. Both sexes wear an enormous quantity of clothing, two or three waistcoats, and coat, and trowsers. As they are usually rather short, this thickness of drapery makes them exceedingly clumsy. A young girl, in her holiday suit, would appear to us rather queer: short, thick, with petticoats only half down the leg, no waist, a small round face, covered with a hat almost a yard across, like a canopy. We like our own country girls better, especially when they dress with neatness, and do not try to be fine.

68. *Skaiting to Market.*

A country so full of water, and cut in every direction with canals, affords easy travelling in summer, by their boats; and in winter, by skaiting. From many miles distance do the girls come to market, with a basket of poultry or eggs on their heads; skaiting with great dexterity all

the way. Sledges are pushed by men, or drawn by horses, with great ease, and at a rapid rate.

Over the frozen hard snow, and the ice,
At market our maiden will be in a trice.
Pack up the poultry close and warm,
Hang the small basket fast on her arm,
Put in the bag, with the new laid eggs;
Ne'er fear, she will keep them all safe on her legs.
It is but a dozen or twenty miles,
Without any hedges, or clambering stiles.
Swinging her body from side to side,
Balancing well, is her coquetry pride.
See on one foot what a way she goes,
Now like a dart, the other she throws.
Trails a thin line in her path so white
Now I declare she has got out of sight.

69. *The Treckschutz.*

Passengers and goods travel by water in the summer season, in large covered barges, drawn by horses, at a steady dull pace of about 3 miles an hour. Each passenger can carry his own provisions. Now, shut up in the cabin full of people, with every one smoking a pipe, and no one uttering a single word in conversation, nor stirring from

his seat, except to light his pipe afresh—this, for several hours together, must be dull enough. This is their Treckschutz.

FRANCE. 1.

70. *Church of Notre Dame at Paris.*

So we are got into France. How I should like to see it. Only they all speak French there, and I can't speak French yet.

Is France a fine country?—Yes, a very fine country. Not all one flat, like Holland and Flanders; but hills, and dales, and woods, and rivers, with many fine noblemen's castles; and in the South of France, vineyards covering all the hills; from which they make wine, and brandy. The people are all gay, fiddling though they are poor, and dancing, for all their wooden shoes.

And Paris, that is a large city, and a fine city. Paris is to France, the same that London is to England; the capital, and where the King lives, and all the concerns of government are carried on. There are many fine buildings, and grand palaces. The river Seine runs through it, across

which are many bridges; but it is not half so wide as the Thames, nor can they show any thing like Waterloo bridge, nor can shipping come up from the sea, as they do to London.

One of their grandest churches, is the cathedral of Notre Dame.

71. *The Catacombs.*

The houses of Paris are chiefly built of stone, which stone is dug from a considerable depth under ground, in quarries which pass beneath great part of the city. In digging out the stone, they made great hollow caverns, and as they did not always leave enough to prop up the roof of those caverns, it has sometimes given way, and the houses in the street above have fallen in. Of late years, an important use has been made of these caverns: as the church-yards are but small, and the continual interment has encreased the number of bones to an enormous and troublesome amount, it was resolved to remove them all into these caverns: where they are deposited in some sort of regularity, and where there is room to deposit them for many ages. You may go some miles in different directions, among long passages, winding various ways, and opening into chambers

great, and small; all lined with bones and sculls. Sometimes piled up in fanciful figures, as altars, monuments, trophies; or placed in long horizontal lines. The bones of more than three millions of human beings are there closely piled up; not each skeleton by itself, but a wall of long thigh bones in front, behind which lie the smaller ones, and rows of sculls upon all.

France

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FRANCE. 2.

73. *The Vineyards.*

It is in the centre and South of France, and in the autumn season, that you see what France is. Then, all is joy, and gaiety, and frolic; when the vine yields its luxuriance, and the vintage is gathered, with an hilarity which reaches to the least, and the lowest among them.

In that warm climate, there is no need to nail the vines up against the sides of a house, as with us: they grow in the open fields, the sides of their hills are covered with them; planted very close to each other, and each vine trained up a strong stake, by which it is supported, and between which they can easily go to dress, and prune them, and gather the grapes. The fruit is pulled into baskets, and carried home in waggons, ornamented with vine leaves; where it is made into the rich wines so famous in many countries; Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, &c

74. *Dancing.*

Nothing shows the national character for thoughtlessness, and gaiety, more plainly, than

the continual propensity to dancing, which actuates all ranks. In the higher circles, Dukes and Duchesses dance. In the *Champs Elysees* of Paris, on public festivals, shopkeepers of all sorts, workmen, milliners, and servant wenches, form groupes of nimble dancers; many of whom show an exactitude and agility, which would not disgrace the opera. And in all the towns and villages, on every occasion, their good spirits, in spite of poverty, and in total forgetfulness of misery, urge them to dance. As if the nimble toe drove away every care.

Come with the fiddle and play us a tune or two,
Lasses and lads bring your dancing shoes:
Here on the green is the light of the moon for you,
None but the lazy or lame can refuse.
Jig it with tweedledum,
Let frolic wheedle 'em,
Making anxiety laugh as she views.

Come little Annette with tresses all curling bright,
Sporting and frisking like lambkin or kid;
Foot it so sprightly, and dance it all down aright;
Never for languor shall Annette be chid.
Oglingly, leeringly,
Toyingly, fearingly,
Jokingly, laughingly, just as you're bid.

See, there is Lubin and Javotte already there,
Hark, 'tis the fife and the jerked tambourine;
Mother and grand-dad are sitting all steady there,
Smiling and nodding, enjoying the scene,
They will delighted be,
While all benighted we
Dance in the moonlight that checquers the green.

See from the village, a troop of fresh frolickers,
Each with a garland of roses so sweet:
Spite of rheumatics, and megrims, and cholickers,
We drive diseases away with our feet.
Right hand and left again,
Round about, set amain;
Health and hilarity revel complete.

Farewell to misery, poverty, sorrowing,
While we've a fiddle we gaily will dance;
Supper we've none, nor can we go a borrowing;
Dance and forget, is the fashion of France.
Long live gay jollity,
'Tis a good quality,
Caper all, sing all, and laugh all, and prance.

75. *The Wolves.*

There is no enjoyment, but has some evil connected with it. True, all is gay in the vin-

tage season; but in the winter, in the neighbourhood of the Alps especially, the wolves come, sometimes in great numbers, prowling for prey. The flocks are devastated by them; the shepherds themselves devoured; many young children are carried off; and when sorely pressed by hunger, the wolves will even dig into the graves, and tear up the dead.

SPAIN.

76. *The Bull Fight.*

We are come now to Spain, which is a warmer country than France; abounding with hills, mountains, and fine vallies. Yet it is not half cultivated; as the people are very indolent, and very proud, and of course very poor. The warmth of the summer scorches the plains, they are then obliged to drive their flocks up into the mountainous parts, to obtain grass; where they continue till the heats are over.

The people are very stately. The *Hidalgos*, or gentlemen, however poor, will do nothing.

78. *Columbus going out.*

There was a time when the countries we call America were not known to the nations of Europe.

Christopher Columbus was determined to find out whether there were any lands on the farther side of the Atlantic Ocean; and having obtained a ship from the Queen of Spain, he set sail for his adventurous voyage; steering straight across an unknown sea, with a courage, perseverance, and skill, which may well make his name famous. At last he found some of the West Indian isles; and by degrees, the whole of North and South America was found out. Thus a new world was added to us, by his sagacity, skill, and determinate bravery. When he set out from Spain, his scheme was ridiculed by all as a mad project; now any common sailor can make the voyage.

Hail to thee, mighty mind, Columbus hail!
Thy self taught genius spread the daring sail.
Track'd thy adventurous way, o'er seas unknown;
Startled old Ocean on his distant throne.
Found other climes, and lands, and people strange;
And gave from Europe knowledge in exchange.

In vain wept Alexander to obtain
Another world,—thy better skill could gain.
By tears and blood he won his hateful fame,
Thy gains were peaceful, and belov'd thy name.
Yet superstition saw, and lust of power,
And avarice ruin'd all, in evil hour.

PORTUGAL.

79. *Illuminated Images and Saints.*

Portugal is like a slice cut out of Spain, yet is by no means so fine a country. It is under the dominion of popery and the Inquisition, in much the same manner. It abounds with Jews, who profess to be papists; and thus serve idols in a foreign land, as God threatened them by Moses. Great penury is felt by the peasantry, and the genteeler classes are as proud as the Spaniards.

The connexion of England with Portugal is close, as it could not maintain itself against Spain without our assistance. It is a great wine country: all the genuine red port comes from thence. Oporto, a sea port in Portugal, is famous for red port.

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Portugal

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England *returning.*

82

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84

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81. *Earthquake at Lisbon.*

Lisbon, the grand city of Portugal, has been frequently visited by earthquakes. The last, most terrible one, was Nov. 1, 1755, when 70,000 of the inhabitants were destroyed by it.

What ails the birds, they flutter in affright;
  The lowing oxen flee, they know not where;
The heat is suffocating; dense, tho' bright,
  The lurid atmosphere, unsightly fair:
No cooling breezes fan the loaded stagnant air.

Hark! what's that rumbling noise, so loud, so deep;
  No thunders roll, no clouds obscure the sky;
Again it bellows, with an awful sweep
  Beneath the ground it groans, slow comes it nigh,
And nigher now it howls, convulsive nature's sigh.

How the house trembles, heaves, and sinks again,
  With dread vibration opening every door;
Th' alarm'd inhabitants flock out amain,
  To squares, and fields, the hurrying inmates pour.
Ah, what a crash was there, walls, steeples, totter
    o'er.

That frightful chasm six peopled streets divides,
  Ingulph'd the rent crush'd habitations lie:

Here a sulphuric pool its swelling tides
Pours bubbling, fetid, horrid to the eye;
Drowns what escap'd the crash, bidding its thousands die.

See frantic mothers fix'd, refuse to go;
There husbands vainly strive some wreck to save;
In midnight darkness flee, and meet their woe:
Ruin involves the fair, the rich, the brave.
Another rolling crash, half Lisbon finds a grave.

ENGLAND.

RETURNING.

82. *Land's End.*

Huzza! my boys. Old England for ever. There it is. There's the Land's End, and that is the land's beginning to us.

Hail to thee, land belov'd! no land so dear.
Thy naked rocks charming to me appear
Behind their craggy tops broad vallies lie,
Glowing with golden harvests; or the eye
Delighted wanders o'er thy hillocks green;
Where cots, and flocks, to dot the view are seen.

Rough are thy rocks, but stedfast, like thy men:
Undaunted, constant, firm, the same again.
The fierce Atlantic vainly dashes here,
In scorn rebutted, by these ramparts drear;
The idle spray adorns thy dripping sides,
As ocean backward rolls his foiled tides.

83. *Seeing London again.*

Look there, Coachee, is not that *Lunnon*, and there's St. Paul's, I declare.

Come up my jolly nags, gallop away;
We soon shall arrive,
All safe and alive,
I at my dinner, and you at your hay.

See what a heaviness, smother and smoke,
Hang o'er the city;
Sure 'tis a pity,
The good people there must be ready to choak.

How monstrously long from beginning to end;
What churches, and steeples,
And chimnies, and peoples:
One would think all the nation their houses must send.

I long to get into't, such wonders to see.
The bridge Waterloo,
And the Monument too,
And famous St. Paul's, a fine penny'orth to me.

84. *The Father's Fire-side.*

'So father, mother, sister, see
Your own lost Harry, here I be.
O'er many a sea, and many a land
I've travell'd, sail'd, and here I stand.
Yet never was in distant clime
So far, as to forget the time
When last we parted; nor this hour
Of happy meeting. Let the power
Of love repress'd, now bursting, find
By eye, and hand, and mouth, and mind,
'Tis your own Harry come at last
To hold his home and inmates fast.

My tour, my travels—yes, I'll tell
From first to last. It ends so well,
I think if 'twere a book 'twould sell.

THE END.

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